

Thin Place
based on true events

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THE LIGHT SHINES IN THE DARKNESS
BUT THE DARKNESS HAS NOT OVERCOME IT

MAN
(OVER BLACK)
How long has it been since the
death of your son?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Tears stream uncontrollably down the face of Jackie.
Mid 30s, broken, appearance an afterthought.

Across from her sits a MAN in his 60s.
His stoic demeanor is somehow comforting.

Both are grazed by the harsh daylight from the only window in
the room.

Jackie breathes in through her audibly stuffy nose.

JACKIE
A year next month.

MAN
You had mentioned that you were
going to take a trip to Washington
eight months back.

Jackie shakes her head as she wipes her eyes.

MAN (CONT'D)
Did you go?

JACKIE
I did.

MAN
Why so soon?

JACKIE
I needed to breathe.

INT. PASSENGER VAN - OLYMPIC NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

Jackie leans against a window of a passenger van watching the
forest of trees.

The DRIVER stares at her through his rearview mirror - yet
preoccupied with her own thoughts - Jackie fails to notice.

MAN (O.S.)
What happened?

INT. OFFICE

JACKIE
It's hard to explain.

The man looks at her for a moment. Determined.
Letting his silence compel her to confide in him.

EXT. OLYMPIC NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

The cumulative sound of rain hitting every leaf in the
forest. Droplets that rest in the small hand of a child.

JACKIE (O.S.)
As you probably know.. when you're
blind.. your other senses become so
much stronger.

INT. OFFICE

JACKIE (CONT.)
Because of this he always loved the
rain. It tied him to the world.

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - DAY

Jackie and her son MARK, twelve years old, sit in front of a
window in their apartment as it rains outside.

JACKIE (O.S.)
Even when I wouldn't let him go
outside he would sit by the window
listening to the rain hitting the
glass.

Droplets of water travel down a pane of glass at will.

She opens the window just enough for her son to stick his
hand out and feel the rain.

Jackie picks up a tape recorder and presses record.

JACKIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I guess I can't remember when I
 started recording these moments...
 Sound had come to be so important
 in our day to day lives... but
 eventually it became habit.

EXT. OLYMPIC NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

The magnificent greenery of the Washington rainforest. Colors richened and deepened by the rain. Limbs stretching every which way that it would have seemed as though they belonged in some sort of a fairy tale.

In the near distance - the sound of tape recorder rewinding harshly punctuates the silence.

Jackie sits against a tree next to her campsite with this tape recorder. Though she had grown weary of the sound it made when rewinding - she regarded it as a necessary evil to transport her through time and space.

She presses play.

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT

Mark looked up towards where his mother was.

MARK
 Momma?

JACKIE
 What is it honey?

MARK
 Can you tell me what a rainbow
 looks like?

Jackie presses stop on her tape recorder.

After a moment she presses play again.

JACKIE
 I wish I knew how to give you an
 answer.

MARK
 But what about the rain, mamma?

JACKIE
 What about it?

MARK

Where does it come from?

JACKIE

Clouds in the sky

MARK

I think maybe God is sad.

INT. OFFICE

JACKIE

I never knew what to tell him.. How
could I explain color to him? I
just wanted so badly to give him
his sight.. just for a moment so I
could show him.